

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 5.]

MAY, 1863.

[PRICE 1½d.]

BETTER THAN ALMS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I HAVE a poor sick child at home," said the woman, in a weak, plaintive voice that touched the feelings of Mr. Oldfield, and caused his hand to move involuntarily toward his vest-pocket. A glance from his wife asked, as plainly as if words had been spoken, that he would not interfere in the case. So he lifted his book and held the page before his eyes. Not to read, however.

"What is the age of your child?" asked Mrs. Oldfield.

"Four years, ma'am."

"Have you a husband?"

"No—ye—yes, ma'am. That is, I had a husband; but he went off two years ago, and I've never seen him since."

"Why did he leave you?"

The woman put her hand to her face, as if overcome by feeling; in a few moments tears came over her cheeks. Mr. Oldfield was moved to deep pity, and showed his state of mind by crossing and re-crossing his legs two or three times in quick succession.

"He wasn't a steady man," sobbed the poor woman.

"Too bad! too bad! to probe a poor wretch in this way!" said Mr. Oldfield to himself. "Why don't Fanny give her the help she asks for, and let her go? It seems to me downright cruel."

"And since he went away," said Mrs. Oldfield, "you have had to support yourself and child?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the woman, in a tone that went right to the heart of Mr. Oldfield, but did not make any impression on the feelings of his wife.

"How have you done this?" There was nothing unkind, or even unsympa-

thising in the voice of Mrs. Oldfield. But she was in earnest in her inquiries.

"By sewing, ma'am, when I could get plain work; and sometimes by taking in washing and ironing."

"You can earn enough in this way to support yourself and child, I presume?"

"If my health was good, and I could always get enough to do."

"Then your health is not good?"

"We have all our trials in this way," replied Mrs. Oldfield. "There are very few days in which I do not suffer from pain, or an oppressive sense of weakness; and yet there are few days in which I am not employed in some way from morning till night. We cannot give up and depend upon others merely from a lack of health. Indeed, we feel better in most cases, when usefully employed than when idle. This is my experience, and yours also, I doubt not. How is it? Think a moment."

"Your own experience, I am sure, is in agreement with mine," said Mrs. Oldfield, seeing the woman did not answer. "And I am also sure that you will agree with me when I say that the bread earned by independent work is as sweet again as that which comes from alms-seeking."

"If we are able to work, ma'am." The woman's voice was faint and pitiful.

"You are able to work." There was kind encouragement, not cold reproof, in the voice of Mrs. Oldfield. "Not as capable, perhaps, as some; but quite as able as several poor women I know, who have two, or three, or four children to support; and who never ask for help. You have entered the wrong way, depend upon it; and I beg of you to get out of it as quickly as possible. Better take the barest necessities of life,

honestly gained in useful work, than a full basket at the price of womanly independence. Set your child a better example, if you desire him to become an industrious, honest, honourable man."

The last remark touched the right chord, and Mrs. Oldfield saw it.

"If," she added, "you do not in your own actions, illustrate for your child the value of industry and independence, he may grow up an idler and a vagabond; a curse to you, himself, and society. Think of this. As a mother, I appeal to you. Take heart again; and for the sake of your child. Let no bread except that procured by honest labour, pass his lips, if it be the coarsest bread and scant at that. Let it never be cast into his teeth by wicked boys, to shame him, and, it may be, drive him to vice, that his mother was a beggar."

The woman's face was flushed. Mr. Oldfield saw it, and felt still more provoked at his wife for what seemed to him little better than taking advantage of a poor wretch to lecture her, instead of extending the aid it was plain enough she needed. How his fingers itched for the privilege of thrusting a coin into her hand.

"I do not say this," continued Mrs. Oldfield, "to hurt you; but to help you to see what is best to be done, looking at the future as well as the present. We gain present ease at too dear a price, if it be at the cost of misery in the future. Have I suggested more in regard to your son, than is likely to happen? Will it not be known that you lived on alms, instead of procuring your bread by patient toil; and will there not be some to throw this stinging, humbling reproach into the teeth of your boy, causing him to blush with shame for what his mother has done?"

"It shall never be!" exclaimed the woman, rising from the chair in which she had been seated, and showing much disturbance of mind. "I never thought of that. Throw it into the teeth of my boy that his mother was a beggar! No—not while I have strength to move a foot or lift a finger."

"Spoken like a true mother," said Mrs. Oldfield, encouragingly. "I was certain that you had not looked at this

question on all sides. And now if you are really in earnest, consider me your friend. Let me know your name and residence, and what kind of work you can do. I can and will aid you."

The woman looked grateful at these kind, assuring words, and gave her name as Clark. She lived not far from the neighbourhood of Mrs. Oldfield.

"I have some plain sewing that I wish to put out," said Mrs. Oldfield. "When you are ready for it, I would like to see you again."

"I will call, ma'am, in a day or two. I've got some work in the house that is not quite finished."

"So you have work? Ah! my good woman, your feet have stepped from the right way; get back again as quick as possible. Think of your boy, and let the thought keep you moving right onward in the path of industry and independence."

"When I feel weak and sick, as I do sometimes," said the woman, in a half-apologetic way, "I grow discouraged; it seems as if I had no strength in me."

"In those seasons of weakness, if they return to you again," answered Mrs. Oldfield, kindly, "come around and see me. I think, may be, that I can always say something to help you. I will try at least. Only be resolute to do, while, as you said just now, you have the power to lift a foot or move a finger, and, my word for it, all will be right."

"Why didn't you give her something to make a start on?" said Mr. Oldfield, in an earnest way, as the woman left the room.

Mrs. Oldfield smiled at her husband's kind-hearted, impulsive enthusiasm, and said, "It should be in us always to do as sound reason teaches. Unless we are thus guided, our good acts will, in most cases, be turned into evil consequences so far as the subjects are concerned."

"But you talk so to these people, Fanny, you don't seem to have any regard for their feelings. You probe every spot you think diseased as sharply as if you were a surgeon, with the life or death of a patient on your conscience."

"True words are in most cases better than alms," said Mrs. Oldfield, in no way disturbed by her husband's remark. "And, moreover, a human soul on the

conscience weighs heavier than a human body in peril."

When the woman who had come to Mrs. Oldfield for aid in her poverty, and received only words in place of alms, left the house, she went, with hurrying steps, homeward. What was her pain to hear on approaching, one of the elder boys, who had been encouraging the fight cry out.

"Run, Jack; here comes your mother!"

"John!" cried Mrs. Clark, as she laid her hands upon her boy, and tore the little furies apart, "How dare you do so?"

"I'll kill him!" said John, as he struggled to get away from his mother.

"What is the meaning of this? How dare you fight that little boy?"

The child did not look shame-faced, nor in the least way frightened. Young as he was, a fierce indignation gleamed from his every feature.

"Tom Sikes says you are a beggar! And I hit him. You ain't a beggar; and I'll hit any boy who says that you are. Are you a beggar, mamma?"

And the child looked confidently into his mother's face. He did not know why she became so pale, nor why she turned her face away, so that the earnest eyes that were fixed upon it, could not see all the sudden tumult of feeling that was revealed therein.

"You ain't a beggar, mamma!" persisted the child. "You work, don't you?"

"Yes, Johnny, I work, and will work for you as long as I can move a hand." And Mrs. Clark drew her boy close to her, and held his head against her bosom. "It was naughty in Tom Sikes to say that. But you must not fight. That is bad and wicked. His saying so don't make it so."

It took some time for the disturbed feelings of both mother and child to get back again into calmness. Then Mrs. Clark took from a closet the half finished work she laid aside in a fit of weak despondency, and went to her honest task again, while Johnny sat down to amuse himself as best he could. Already he had tasted the pleasures of the street, and its rough companionship. During his mother's frequent periods of absence from home—and they had grown longer,

and oftener repeated of late—Johnny lived out of-doors, and was beginning to harden in the active, rough-and-tumble life that was peculiar to the neighbourhood—harden in mind as well as body.

"Can't I go down stairs, mamma?" he asked, soon growing weary of the still room and its few sources of enjoyment.

Now the timely spoken words of Mrs. Oldfield had not died in the memory of Mrs. Clark; they had quickened thought in a new direction, and awakened a host of anxious fears in regard to her child. But for this she would not have felt so keenly the reproach which Johnny had been called to bear on her account, nor so firmly resolved that it should never again be spoken with the least shadow of truth to give it venom.

"You can go down in the yard, Johnny, but not out into the street," she replied.

"I want to go into the street, mamma. Can't I go?" urged the child.

"Wouldn't you rather help mamma?" asked Mrs. Clark, forcing herself to speak in a pleasant manner, though she felt anxious and disturbed.

"Yes," answered the boy, quickly and earnestly.

"Then, as I have to work, you know," said the mother, "I want you to help me, by holding the end of the pillow-case as I sew the seam. Take hold just there and keep it out even."

Pleased at the thought of helping his mother, Johnny took hold of the muslin, and stood by her side for nearly an hour, patiently doing as she directed; while she, to keep him interested, talked to him cheerfully, and even told him little stories. Surprised at the ease with which she had thus far been able to hold the attention of her child, Mrs. Clark's thoughts began to reach out in the same direction, and she saw many ways by which he might be kept from the street. After the pillow-case was made, she had a skein of thread to wind off, and Johnny was well pleased to aid his mother by holding the skein for her. Then it came to her mind that it would be a very easy thing for her to teach him his letters, and to spell and read, while she sat sewing. So, to begin at once, she took from a shelf a card on which an alphabet was

printed in large letters, and proposed to give Johnny a lesson. Nothing could have pleased him better, and for nearly an hour he went over and over the sounds, repeating them after his mother, until he knew many of the letters at sight. Pleased at his earnestness and attention, Mrs. Clark praised Johnny at every step of his progress, and suggested so many great achievements of learning in the future, that he was actually fired with a child's ambition to be a scholar. He did not ask to go into the street again that day.

A few days after the little scene at Mrs. Oldfield's, Mrs. Clark called again upon the lady who had given her kindly spoken admonition instead of alms. This time she had her little boy with her, for she had resolved never again to leave him exposed to the evil influence that surrounded them. Mr. Oldfield was present as before.

"I will take that work, now, if you please, ma'am," said the poor woman.

"So you have thought well of my suggestions," remarked Mrs. Oldfield.

"Oh! yes, indeed, ma'am. You said just the truth," replied Mrs. Clark, with an earnestness that was not to be mistaken. "This is my little boy; and I thank you in his name."

Johnny was a handsome, bright-eyed little fellow. Mr. Oldfield held out his hand to him and the boy came forward, in a manly way, giving his hand and answering without bashfulness any questions that was asked.

A few minutes' talk with Mrs. Clark brought out the whole story of what had occurred on the day of her previous visit.

"Was I right or wrong?" asked Mrs. Oldfield, after the woman had departed, with work enough to keep her employed for a week.

"Right, of course," replied her husband, "You're always right in these matters. But I can't be so cool and calculating. It isn't in me."

"And so oftener do harm than good in your benevolent acts, I am sorry to say," replied Mrs. Oldfield. "It isn't money-help, you may depend on it, that poor people want, half so much as to be shown how to help themselves."

A FEW HINTS TO AID THE DIFFUSION OF UNITARIANISM AMONG THE PEOPLE.

WE are all firmly persuaded the Christian Church needs a second reformation, and that a higher life can only be inspired among the people by a higher and more gospel faith than is popularly taught. We are not the less confident that the pure and simple truths of Christian Unitarianism, is the truth as it is in Jesus, and we are bound to do our best to spread it abroad. Then how can this be done? (1.) We must do all we can to circulate the Bible among the people, and ask their faithful attention to its contents apart from all Church systems and Creeds. From beginning to end the Bible is a purely Unitarian book. There is not the least semblance to Trinitarianism in the book. A celebrated law Judge was asked to read it through, and give his opinion on the matter, and he distinctly avowed, after a careful perusal of the Bible, the Unitarians had the Bible most decidedly in their favour. (2.) Let us all do our best to promote a thoroughly sound and rational system of education among the people. We are all helping forward the happy day of pure and rational godliness when we are training the people to higher intellectual attainment. For many years past Unitarians have distinguished themselves in promoting popular education; they have done this without any thought of ulterior results in religion. The present liberal and progressive spirit of our age, which is shaking the dead sea of theology, and threatens to uproot the popular errors of the day, is part of the fruit of a higher and more rational education among the people. (3.) Let Unitarians not forsake the van of all reformatory movements. When any class of people is asking for justice, let them aid the oppressed, till justice be done. We know the Church of England has suffered because she never identified herself with human rights. We know many members of our Churches who espoused our cause in the first place because of the open and fearless profession of freedom and justice among Unitarians. We must not forsake the good old paths, but take a lead in every

question calculated to make the world free, not only from priests, but from political and social tyranny. (4.) We must not omit to do what we can to lessen the excessive labour of the poor. We cannot expect morals and education to make much progress among those whose natures are almost brutalised by excessive, never-ending labour. Help all you can that the poor may have time for mental recreation and religious worship. Without this their bodily wants and physical prostration may keep them the dupes of error and superstition. (5.) Let us all be very frank and explicit in the avowal of our doctrines. Our light must not be hidden under a bushel, or concealed by mysterious phrases. Honesty is the best policy; and to speak out kindly and openly, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, wins both success and respect. The utmost simplicity should be practised, and the greatest good is sure to be done. (6.) To our openness and simplicity let us add earnestness. Let us show mankind we have a faith that has filled us with enthusiasm, made us happier and better, and we wish them to enjoy the security and peace that possess our souls. (7.) Our ministers must be spoken to and told, if they need the information, that valuable as science, art, and literature are, their vocation is to preach the gospel. Though all ground is holy ground, we must devote ourselves to the work we are pledged to pursue. (8.) In dealing with the popular errors of the day, it is well to give the most of our energy to supplant them with the most simple, clear, and positive truths of the gospel. When we have cast out the demon of error we must not leave the mind swept and clean without a better inhabitant, or all our labour may be soon lost. We must exalt faith above doubt. So when we prove the arithmetic of the Trinity in error, we need not rub out the whole sum, but only the mistakes. Some doctrines are a mixture of truth and error; some are totally erroneous. Christ has given us an example in his method of dealing with the errors of his day. He aimed the overthrow of ceremonial righteousness; he did not say much about it, but he said a great deal about personal and moral righteousness, for he knew

this would supplant it. (9.) Those among us who cannot preach can scatter over the world tracts; this is a cheap and effective agency. Our friends who have expressed a concern at our views can have a tract sent to them in every letter. And the intolerants of our neighbourhood can be greatly modified in their bigotry, if not converted, by our tracts. They now abound. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London; the Rev. B. Herford, Sheffield; Mr. Hunt, Hull; and Mr. Lucas, of Gateshead, have provided excellent and cheap tracts; every family should have a few hundreds by them. (10.) Sunday School labour is another way of popularising our faith. Children should be taught our simple and beautiful faith about God and Christ, Man and Duty, and the gracious purposes of God in the Destiny of our race. The earlier those truths are instilled into their minds the better, and will save them from the harassing and perplexing modes of faith that afterwards would be forced upon them. (11.) Visiting the homes of the people and speaking a kind and instructive word, leaving them a little tract or book, entering into an explanation of our views, inviting them to our Chapel, and taking a manifest interest in their welfare, is a sure means of doing good, and at the same time promoting the spread of the benign and holy principles we wish to see flourish among the people. (12.) We must all aid, all we can, the Missionary efforts now put forth by our Churches. Much injury has been done by our negligence of public worship. The direct loss we suffer by neglecting our places of worship is a loss also equally sustained by our cause, discouraging to our ministers, and adverse to others who might join our communion. We earnestly wish the success of our holy cause, for we know our views tend to strengthen the heads and hearts of all in their usual or unaccustomed toil. They consecrate our daily duties, and fill the breast with supreme delight. They solve the doubts of unbelief, and calm the passions of the turbulent. They are equal to every trial, and wait upon us like angels in our need. Under their influence despair is changed to hope, and indifference to devotion.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

HARMONIOUS development should be the aim in education. The problem for educators to solve, is, how properly to mingle the due training of the intellectual faculties, the moral sensibilities, and the physical powers. The especial education of either of these capacities of our nature, to the total exclusion of others, gives a distorted result. A prodigy of learning, with feeble moral sensibilities, is likely to dishonour his mental acquirements and disgrace society. The most exemplary morals, and the most devoted piety, accomplish comparatively little, when domiciled in a feeble, sickly body; for unaccompanied by vital energy, which could make those elements a power to lead men to virtue and to God, the subject sinks into insignificance. The most remarkable results of physical training are of little use, when the mental and moral qualities are so feeble, that the best fruits of such culture are employed to knock the breath out of an antagonist.

It is our question, then, as the directors of education, to seek how most skillfully to unite the kinds of culture which the nature of a human being demands. We cannot answer the question arbitrarily. We must study the capacity and wants of his nature. If the child has a moral nature susceptible of culture, it must have lessons suited to its age and degree of development. The metaphysical dogmas of Christianity are not suited to its tender years, but the instruction must be adapted to its taste and comprehension, as milk is adapted to the wants of the babe. So of the mental and physical nature—we must study the order of development in selecting the instruction proper to be given.

The methods of conducting primary instruction have been entirely unworthy of our country's progress in other respects; and though there has been less error in the higher grades of instruction, yet in every stage of education there are still many defects which stand revealed by the light of a sound philosophy. Mental arithmetic, requiring close application of the reflective faculties, has been one of the first studies to which the pupil's efforts have been directed;

while the plan has been too long tolerated, of learning by rote and rule. Moral instruction has been left to chance, or to such desultory advice as exigencies may call out; while physical education has been almost entirely neglected.

But defining our view of physical education, it is proper that we should inquire whether due training of the physical powers should be entirely ignored in our systems, and whether a mild, systematic and judicious course of instruction, can not, with propriety, be introduced into our Schools; a course that shall make the muscles firm and compact, the nerves steady, the vital organs healthy, and that shall diffuse correct notions into the minds of the youth respecting the laws of health and the conditions upon which good development depends. Would it not be desirable that a due proportion of attention should be given to confirming the youthful constitution in health, and that the pupil should be imbued with principles that will enable him to preserve it in subsequent years? Would not a well trained heart, in a well trained body be an object worthy of our highest exertions? Is not this the legitimate purpose of instruction?

But very little attention has heretofore been given in our Schools to the latter item—the well trained body. And cannot we observe its disastrous effect in the sanitary condition of our people! A very large proportion of the human race die before they arrive at the age of twenty. Visit yonder cemetery, and the great number of "little graves" will show that many more die during the first five years of life, than during any subsequent quinquennial period. We lay our loved ones in the grave, and console ourselves by attributing their early disease to a dispensation of Providence. But may it not be on account of our own ignorance in rearing and educating them? Scarcely any other species of the animal kingdom suffer such mortality in the early stages of their existence. Man is an animal; and is it reasonable to suppose that the Creator designed that so large a proportion of our race should die in youth? Is it not at least advisable that we should inquire whether our treatment of children

is correct, and whether the surprising mortality of youth is not attributable, in a great measure, to our own ignorance and neglect?

Bacon long ago taught us that we should judge of every system by its fruits. Would it not be a reasonable inference, in view of the facts above alluded to, that our systems have failed in the department of physical culture to yield the fruits which ought to be expected. The plea may be interposed, that the seeds of disease are implanted in the infant constitution before reaching the school-room—that the cause of this extraordinary mortality among children is attributable more to ignorance and neglect in the family and nurses than in the school. This may be true. But those who govern in the home circle should have been instructed in school; and if we have a reform in the rearing of children, we must begin with the pupils in the school, so that the parents, having the advantage of thorough physical training and enlightened views, may apply their knowledge judiciously when they come to be parents. The fault then, either directly or indirectly, is chargeable to the school.

It is a fact worthy of attention, that, while our advantages for education are yearly enlarged, and the number of schools and length of school terms are being regularly increased, the number of pale faces, crooked spines, and early decay is also on the increase. It is asserted, too, that a large number of those who take the highest honours in our colleges, die within ten years of their graduation, or hold their lease of life by a frail tenure. This ought not to be. Study is not a cause of disease, but, on the contrary, when properly conducted, is a promoter of health. If the vital organs are preserved in a normal condition, study helps to strengthen and enhance their vigour and power. The pupil who enters the school with uninjured health, ought not to lose any of his vital energies, but rather strengthen and increase their power. He ought to be put at once on a course of training, that will not only preserve the strength he has, but that will serve to knit and compact his system, while he is at the same time carefully informed of the laws

of his physical being, and of the means of preserving health under all circumstances.

Much time has been spent in schools, to very little purpose, in studying physiology. We not unfrequently meet with a scholar who can tell how many bones there are in the system, and call each by its name, but who is so pale, and sickly, and puny, that he can scarcely hold the book he is studying. All the details of anatomy are familiar; but how the study can be made useful in preserving and strengthening his own physical nature, has never been made a question in his philosophy. Knowledge is power, said Bacon. He meant that knowledge is power, when made to subserve its legitimate purpose. A knowledge of physiology is power, when it is made to contribute to the proper exercise of all the physical functions, and when it teaches us to shun those bad habits and vices which are the sources of disease.

The neglect of physical culture, as a branch of education, and the consequent evil results to society, have attracted the attention of the more thoughtful, and so much has been written and spoken, that in a few of the higher institutions, gymnasia have been established. Swings, parallel bars, ladders, dumb-bells, and horses have so far gained upon public favour, as to be occasionally seen in gentlemen's pleasure grounds. But as yet more evil has resulted from these than good. There has been very little careful, judicious physical training. The human system is so constituted, that it cannot be suddenly made strong by a few exercises in gymnastics, any more than a lean man can be made fat by one great meal. Young men have heard some lecture, or they have read in some book, of the great need of physical culture, and have rushed to the gymnasium, and have practiced for a few days, as though life and health depended upon the issue. Their systems, wholly unprepared for such violent service, are nerved to meet the shock for a little time; but soon they are gradually relaxed, and the exercise becomes a drudgery, and it is given up till they are again seized with a fit of gymnastic zeal.

Few, if any, of our institutions have made physical training one of the regular

branches of the study; and until this is done, little good can be expected from the agitation of the subject, or from desultory swinging and vaulting. We must have regular, judicious training at the hands of well-instructed teachers. The first lessons must be elementary and easy. The system of instruction must embrace a complete training of the whole man; muscles, nerves, and vital organs. It must imbue the mind of childhood with such a respect for the body, its health and well-being, that the vices with which society is rife shall be ever hateful to it; that foul air, unwholesome food, unseasonable hours, unventilated sleeping-rooms, indolence, riotous passions, unsuitable clothing, shall be avoided; and that his whole course of thinking shall be perpetually antagonistic to the whole catalogue of crimes against the body, which send one-half of the race to their graves before they come to years of maturity, and cause the majority of the remainder to drag out a miserable existence. Does any one assert to me that such a culture is not needed? Shall the age go on, groaning under the load of ills to which society is now subject, without an attempt to throw off the burden? Shall our children continue to be confined in the foul, pestilential air of a small, over-heated and unventilated school-room, cramped up upon seats unsuited to their age, with minds pinned down to their books, and taught to know more of almost every branch that can be conceived, than of their own bodies? Or, shall we not rather strive to stem the tide of abuses in family and school, which is evidently so fatal to health and sound development and inaugurate a new era in education, whereby the physical powers shall be thoroughly trained? There can be but one answer to this question. Every dictate of humanity and enlightened sentiment pleads in its behalf. Already have kindred improvements been introduced in prison discipline, in our humane institutions, and even in the camp; and shall the family and the school be longer under the ban of ignorance and neglect? There is only need of candid consideration for the friends of education to realize the necessity of immediate action.

SAMUEL P. BATES.

THE EXPERIENCES OF RUTH TAYLOR, GOVERNESS.

MISS EVANS.

"Not unconsolated, I wait—in hope
To see the moment, when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her."—*Wordsworth.*

ON one of the late, cold, gloomy days of November, an English merchant in our great metropolis stepped from his counting-house, drew his cloak tightly around him, and with a look of determination, set his teeth against the wind, and groped his way towards his own home. That home was not in the west end of the town, but it was a very bright and cheerful dwelling nevertheless; perhaps brighter and more cheerful at that moment than any of the lordly mansions which reared their illuminated fronts on the west side of Temple Bar. It was cheered by the light of love, and surely that light gives more of beaming happiness than all the glare which sheds fleeting rays on the pleasures of the world. The merchant's door was opened and shut with cheerful alacrity by a tiny porter, who claimed a kiss for the ready admittance. Then a shout of noisy joy was heard from a spacious parlour, and the father of the family found himself amidst a group of lovely children.

"Oh! how glad I am you are come," said the blooming mother of the little party. "They have all waited to say good night to you, and then I have something of importance to communicate." "Indeed," said the father, stopping short in a game of romps with his youngest child. "Nothing has disturbed you, I hope." "You shall hear soon," replied his wife. "Now children, finish your play, and away to the nursery." Again the little group gathered around their parent, received the parting kiss, and quickly disappeared. "Now, my dear," said the merchant, stretching himself in the luxury of idleness on his own easy chair, which had been drawn for him close to the blazing fire, while his wife supplied him with a steaming cup of tea; "let me hear the wonderful adventure

that you have to relate to me." The merchant scarce addressed his wife in these words; he rather appeared to make the speech as if it were necessary to say something, while he looked around with grateful pleasure on the numerous objects of comfort which met his view. His good little wife, with her countenance full of benevolence, was not one of the least engaging ornaments of his mansion. She was now full of eagerness to speak, and she only waited for her husband's question to relate, that, fully an hour before, the postman had brought a note, which had filled her mind with pain and anxiety. "You shall read it yourself," she ended by saying, "and then order a carriage, as I am sure you will, to accompany me to this horrible place in which my friend says she lives." The street mentioned was in one of the proscribed districts to the refined Londoner, and the elegant little Mrs. Forbes had some ideas of her own respecting gentility of situation, like other people. The letter which had excited her compassion so warmly, was from one for whom she had ever entertained the greatest respect and love. It was from a lady who had formerly been a teacher in the school in which Mrs. Forbes was educated. She wrote now to say that her health was fast declining; that she had no friends or relations near, and she wished to see Amy, who had been as a younger sister to her when she was young. "But do not distress yourself to come if it is inconvenient," was the considerate addition. Amy, however, had been distressed ever since the note had been received, and now she was full of anxiety to see her friend once more. "You approve of my going, do you not, dear William?" "Certainly," was the reply, "and I will go with you, as far as the door at least, and call for you again in an hour. I have business in the city which will detain me so long." Amy was ready in a trice, and they were speedily set down at a gloomy looking dwelling, situated in one of the most retired streets of the metropolis. Mr. Forbes only waited to see his little wife safe within the house, and then drove on to his own place of destination. Amy was received civilly by a slipshod domestic, who, with a significant nod of the head, conducted

her to the attic story of the quiet dwelling. "Here's some one come to see you, ma'am," said the servant, as she opened the door softly, and ushered in the lady. At first Amy could discern nothing by the dim light of a rush-light which flickered in the draught, caused by opening the door; gradually, however, she discovered a small camp bed in the corner, and a sweet but feeble voice intreated her to come near. In a moment more her arms were clasped around the emaciated form of her old friend and teacher. "Do not look quite so sad, my dear Amy," said Ruth Taylor, in her usual calm, low tone, when the first agitation of meeting was over, and Amy was looking with tearful eyes on her poor friend: "you see that my time of trial is nearly ended. My home is very near." A beam of radiant joy illuminated her pale face for a moment as she uttered these words. "Oh do not say this!" exclaimed Amy, "you shall live many years yet. My home shall be yours; we will enjoy life together." "Enjoy life," repeated the invalid, bitterly: then, correcting herself, she said softly, as if thinking aloud, "Yes, I have had many enjoyments; I have had much to be thankful for; the fault has been often on my own side. I have been all too weak to battle with the world. It was truly weak and selfish to call you from your comfortable home to visit me on such a night as this, but I had such a longing to see an old friend—to give my last blessing to some one whom I might love, that I thought I could not die happily unless I saw you. Then I had a request to make to you, Amy; yes, you may look around and smile at such an idea; you may search in vain for riches in this poor garret, but I have that which may be of value to yourself, if to no one else; it is the history of my life, dear Amy, it is an account of all that has passed since we last met." "How short the time appears," said Amy, "and yet you must have suffered so much." "Short, has it been?" enquired Ruth. "Well, it may be so, we measure time so differently by our different feelings. It seems to have passed very pleasantly with you, my dear, to judge by your good looks and your cheerful home (I have looked at it wistfully, often.) Now tell me

something of yourself; I have been very selfish to talk so much of my concerns." "I cannot say another word," said Amy, "until I see you in a little more comfort. Let me arrange the pillows for you.—There, is not that better? and I must stir your fire; why you have scarcely a blink on this piercingly cold night. Let me ring the bell for more coals"—and before the invalid could prevent her, she had rung briskly enough to bring landlady and maid at the same time to the door.

The landlady was a stern, dignified person, who seemed to have as little sympathy with the people who lodged in her house, as with the furniture that belonged to them. "Dear me," she exclaimed, with great indignation, taking a scornful survey of the apartment and its inmates, "I thought the house was on fire, and as it was not insured——" "You ran to save it, I suppose," said Amy, with the nearest approach to bitterness that her kind tongue had ever uttered. "I do not know who you may be, madam," resumed the wrathful lady; "but I must beg that you will not again disturb the peace of the house by such violent ringing." "I am very sorry I should have disturbed you so much," said Amy, with a look of contrition, "but may I beg that you will allow your servant to bring us some coals." "I do not supply my lodgers with coals," said the imperturbable dame. "Then you will lend us some, or sell us some; it is terrible for any living person to be without fire, and on such a bitter night." "Mary," said the landlady, turning to the servant, and deigning no further notice of Amy's supplication; "take half a bushel of coals to Miss Taylor's apartment, and remember that it is to be returned." With this double hint to all the parties assembled, she descended the stairs, and turned into her own snug little parlour, closing the door after her with a very dignified sound. "I will be with you in a twinkling, ma'am," said the good-natured Mary; "and don't you think, ma'am," she continued, whispering, "that we might make the kettle boil, and get a cup of tea for the poor lady?" "Yes, certainly," said Amy, a very good thought. I suppose I may find tea here?" "Oh no, ma'am, said Mary, "still whis-

pering; "she has not had tea, or any such indulgence, for a long time. She won't accept any of my slops, though I've tried to make her taste them. Dear ma'am, she's so good, and so very ill I'm afraid," continued the poor girl, while the tears fell fast. "You have a kind heart, Mary, I see," said Amy; "and you shall not be unrewarded. Could you get some tea from a neighbouring shop?" "I am afraid not, ma'am, missus is so very particular about my going out at night, and I suppose she's all right there; but do you think, ma'am," she said hesitatingly; "to be sure it is making very bold in me, but do you think you *could* venture as far as the next street (it is just round the corner) to buy some little necessaries for the poor sick lady. She is really sinking for the want of common food, and to my mind it is hard to starve in a Christian country. Please ma'am to take this shilling, but don't tell her; I've had it by me a long time, if I could have known how to make her use it." Amy looked at the ill-dressed, odd-fashioned looking little creature before her, with a broad, pock-marked, but good-humoured face, and she really thought her beautiful. She could not for the world speak a word, but she threw her arms round the little woman's neck, and to her utter astonishment gave her a warm embrace. The kind wife and mother could not resist the temptation; it was so pleasant to find a heart as warm as her own—a real gem of a heart, and in such an ungainly casket too. Amy was always joyous at meeting with kind natures; indeed she had rarely met with anything else; now she was beside herself. "I'll go this moment," she whispered, when she found words; "but your shilling shall not be spent; I shall keep it for my own use—for my children's use; it is a splendid shilling; I would not part with it for the world."

Mary looked astounded at her excitement; she could not make it out; for herself she had done nothing extraordinary, and what was in the shilling she could not tell. It was very much like other shillings to her mind, but ladies were sometimes very queer—very odd indeed; she had seen many strange ones, but she had never seen the like of this before. Still Mary felt pleased,—pleased

with herself, and pleased with Amy, whose warm kiss seemed to burn on her cheek, as she dived into the cellar for the coals. With each shovelful she felt more elated; she thought of the glow that she should soon kindle in the dark attic; she thought of the pleasure it would be to make the kettle boil, and to carry the warm cup to the sick lady; then visions of the lady's recovering seemed dimly to rise. Mary grew more and more joyful, attempted a song in ascending the kitchen stairs, and almost upset the coal scuttle at the door of her mistress's parlour. This brought her somewhat to reason, but she could not help still indulging her bright dreams until she reached the stair head. Then she rested with her head to listen, as she often had done, as to whether the lady was asleep, and might not be disturbed, or whether she was coughing, and ought to be looked to. A low, murmured sound told her that her friend was not asleep, so she opened the door with the least possible sound, and heard her own name mentioned with loving-kindness by the sick lady. "Poor Mary!" said the governess, in a low but emphatic tone; "Poor Mary! who has been always kind to me. I pray for every blessing which in Thy goodness Thou may'st see fit to bestow upon her. May she have kind friends with her in her last hour. May all the peace and comfort she has given me be returned to her ten-fold." Mary could bear it no longer; her heart was too full, and she sank on her knees by the bed side, and sobbed bitterly.

When Amy returned with her purchases, excited, but joyful, with her very unusual errand, she was met at the door by the agitated servant, who, in a low, broken whisper, as if her words could reach the far off chamber above, said, "It is all of no use, ma'am; we are too late—too late; a change has come over her since you have been gone, and she's sinking fast." Amy tottered, and would have fallen at this sudden announcement, had not a strong arm supported her from behind. Her husband had entered at the same moment as herself, and he it was who gave her his assistance and most efficient counsel. He led her, still trembling, to her friend's room, and then hastened away again to bring a medical

man. In the meanwhile, Ruth wandered much; her mind reverted to the scenes of her childhood; she seemed once more to converse with the dear relatives, who had all departed before her to a better world, especially she appeared to love to commune with her mother, and in thought to offer those kind attentions which had been natural to her when her beloved parent had been yet alive. In an interval of reason she raised her two brilliant eyes to Amy, who bent over her with tender affection, and said, with a mournful smile, "the papers I mentioned are in my desk; you will find them arranged; they may be of a little interest to yourself and to your children; take them with my warmest blessing; there is also some money laid by—not much, but enough, I trust, for the funeral. I have no debts, dear Amy, but those of gratitude, which I can never repay. Love Mary for my sake; she is a good creature, and will meet with her reward. Oh! Amy, if I could tell you now all the wonderful things that are passing in my mind; if I could once collect my ideas, how I should astonish you!—Oh I could preach the world a lesson that should never be forgotten. I would soften all hearts, and Christianize all spirits, and make mankind truly love one another. They should never look with coldness and hatred on those that are beneath them again; they should love all men, receive all men as brethren; of whatever clime, of whatever colour, of whatever rank, of whatever sect; dear Amy, you should hear my sermon, and the text should be one word, 'Mary.' 'She hath chosen the better part; she hath done what she could.' Love her; love her; do not let her die alone; it is sad, very desolate to die quite alone. We may live alone, Amy, and enjoy the solitude, but it is very sad to die alone; to be deserted by all, even by those to whom we have done some good. Alone—did I say? no, I am not alone, for my Father is with me, and his blessed Spirit comforts me. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Saying thus, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes; the pulse beat faintly—more faintly,—and then stopped for ever.

(To be continued.)

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN SHANNON.

THE writer of these pages passed through years of doubt and anguish before he could look up to heaven and from the fulness of a loving heart call God, "Father." To some this statement may occasion surprise and wonder; and to make the matter plain, I must brave the charge of egotism, and state a few facts from my own religious experience. I was brought up and strictly educated in the doctrines of Calvinism. I remember well my youthful ideas respecting the religious sects in my immediate neighbourhood. Calvinism to me was "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" the doctrine of the Church of England was a mixture of truth and error; and Roman Catholicism was unmitigated error, the great apostasy, a cunningly devised system of idolatry and superstition, and the mother of all abominations. These youthful ideas were undoubtedly the result of my youthful training. As I grew up to man's condition, and my mind expanded, I began to think for myself, and I discovered, as I believed, many flaws in my early cherished Calvinism, and discerned much truth and beauty in other doctrines and forms of religion besides my own.

I shall now confine myself to one tenet of Calvinism, in which I was most industriously indoctrinated, and which proved most repugnant to my reason and moral feeling. I was taught to believe that all mankind, for the sin of Adam, are born into the world under the wrath and curse of God; that for this fault of our nature, which we cannot help and which we had no share in producing, we are all liable to the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever. How could I look up to God and love him as a Father when I was told I was born under his wrath and curse? I was farther taught that except I had an interest in the merits of Christ, had his righteousness imputed to me, and was washed in his all-atoning blood, I must suffer the pains of hell for ever. I often asked myself the questions, Am I washed in the all-atoning blood? Have I a saving interest in the merits of Christ? Is his righteousness imputed to me? I could not give definite answers to these questions; and this was not surprising, for I was told that the full assurance of faith was attained by only a few. You may be sure I was intensely anxious to know whether I had an interest in the all-atoning blood; for, if not, the pains of hell for ever awaited me. The faintest anticipation of such a doom filled my mind with the deepest anguish. I often retired into my room, and prayed, and cried for light on this difficult subject; rivers of tears ran from my eyes when I thought of an eternity of agonized existence in torment. I was indeed in the Slough of Despond, and I sighed for some cheering token of God's love. Had the sun been clothed in sackcloth; had the stars been extinguished in the sky; had the whole earth been covered with an Egyptian darkness, outward nature would have been in harmony with the gloom and dis-

traction of my agitated mind. No father would like to see his child, however disobedient, burning in a fire for a day or an hour; how could I look up to God and say "Our father who art in heaven," when I believed that the pains of hell for ever were in reserve for a great portion of the human family?

In the midst of my doubts and difficulties, in the agony and distraction of my mind, I met with a book the reading of which afforded me a gleam of joy—it was "Combe's Constitution of Man." The author professes to treat of man in his relations as a creature of this earth. The spiritual element in man, and his relations to an invisible and eternal world are therefore not sufficiently recognised. So far the work is imperfect. It contains, nevertheless, many incontrovertible truths which were very helpful to me in my desponding and distracted state of mind. Combe teaches that God governs the world by laws which are holy, just, and good, and that in the keeping of these laws there is a great reward. He affirms that pain and misery are mainly attributable to disobedience. The diseases we suffer are generally brought on by our violation of the laws of health; remorse of conscience is a consequence of our violation of the moral law. Combe emphatically teaches that the diseases, miseries, and bereavements of life are monitors sent in mercy to warn us of our disobedience, and to discipline our spirits to patience and resignation. Though God corrects, he loves. "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us and we gave them reverence. Shall we not much rather be in subjection under the Father of spirits and life?" This was a blessed truth to me, that the punishments of the disobedient even in this life are *reformatory and not vindictive*; and its hearty adoption cheered me on to love and confidence in God. I now felt assured that the creed of Calvin was not in harmony with God's grand teaching in the open book of Nature and Providence.

At this stage of my investigations, I was recommended by a thoughtful friend to read the works of Dr. Channing; and I thank God that my attention was directed to the writings of this saintly and gifted man. His teachings harmonized with all I had learned from Combe; and they were not chargeable with Combe's imperfections. To my youthful and inquiring mind, Dr. Channing's writings were eminently inspiring. They fully recognised man's spiritual nature, and his relations to a spiritual and eternal world. I had never conversed with a Unitarian on theological subjects, and did not live in the neighbourhood of a Unitarian Chapel, but the study of his works inspired me with a desire to cast in my lot with the Christian denomination whose doctrines he advocated and adorned.

One question still remained to be settled. Are the cheering views of God's character advocated by Unitarian Christians, and taught in the book of Nature and Providence, found in Scripture? Hitherto I had not studied in the Bible much. I was almost afraid to do so, for I thought the gloomy tenets of Calvinism were discoverable on every page of it. At length,

however, I reasoned thus:—The Bible, when wisely studied and correctly interpreted, cannot contradict the teaching of God in Nature and Providence. I now sat down in earnest to a systematic study of the Sacred Scriptures. I read in the good old book, "Can a woman forget her young child, that she should not have compassion on her son; yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Earthly parents may become unnatural, but our Heavenly Parent never will. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" When I read the parable of the Prodigal Son; thought of the yearnings of the parental heart, and the hearty welcome to the disobedient but penitent one; and when I knew that the parable was intended to set forth the affection of the Heavenly Parent for all his family—my dark distrust and fear were completely chased away—I was cheered on to love and confidence in God, and I could look up and from the depth of a loving heart say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Others might have the spirit of bondage unto fear; but I felt within me the spirit of sonship, and I could look up and say—Father. When these cheering views of God took possession of my soul, the sun seemed brighter, the grass seemed greener, and all Nature wore a more smiling aspect. I could look up to God, and thank him for the boon of existence. I could trust Him that all his dispensations would be just and merciful both in this world and the world to come.

Possibly these pages may fall into the hands of some who are distressed with gloomy fears of God, and some poor brother or sister may be helped by them out of the Slough of Despond. We, Unitarian Christians, cannot be too thankful that we are instructed to entertain cheering views of God's character; and O may we not address God by the endearing name of Father in a spirit of unbelief, or as a mere empty sound upon a thoughtless tongue, when there is no filial affection in our hearts. May we act towards God with the dutiful affection and obedience of children; and since God is our Father dwelling in heaven may we often think of heaven and love it as our home. Home to a child is that place where his father dwells, and if God be our Father dwelling in heaven, then heaven is our home.

My God, my Father! blissful name!
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

THE UNITARIANS' CREED.

From Mr. ASPLAND'S "Plea for Unitarian Dissenters."

AN apostle has enjoined on Christians, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—(1 Pet. iii. 15.)

In this spirit the Unitarians wish to lay before their Christian brethren, and especially the members of the Church of England, a brief statement of the principal points in which the Unitarian doctrines differ from those of the Established Church.

We do not believe in "all and every thing contained in the Book of Common Prayer:" it has many things which we cannot find in the Bible, and some things which the Bible appears to us to discountenance and forbid; and we hold, in its full force and extent, the declaration of the Sixth Article of the Church of England, that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation,—so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an Article of Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

We do not believe in the Athanasian Creed: to our understanding it is contradictory and absurd; we consider it to be subversive of the first principle of revealed religion, the Divine Unity; and we shudder at the solemn and awful defiance of charity and mercy with which it opens and concludes.

We do not believe in "Original or Birth Sin," consisting, as explained in the Ninth Article, in the "corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam," and "in every person born into this world," deserving "God's wrath and damnation:" we cannot conceive that there is any sin in being born; we have been instructed by the Apostle John, that "sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John iii. 4.), and by the Apostle Paul, "that where no law is, there is no transgression" (Rom. iv. 15.); our reverence of the perfections of the Almighty Creator will not permit us to suppose that he has made any creature naturally corrupt, or that *he hateth any thing which he hath made*; and we have learnt from one apostle, that man is made "after the similitude of God" (James iii. 9.), from another, that "he is the image and glory of God" (1 Cor. xi. 7.), and from our Saviour, that children, in whom human nature is fresh and entire, are so far from deserving, by virtue of nature, "God's wrath and damnation," that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."—(Matt. xix. 14.)

We do not believe, according to the Eleventh of the Thirty-nine Articles, that "we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit" of Jesus Christ, and "that we are justified by faith only;" for we receive the doctrine of Scripture, that "he that doeth righteousness is right-

eous" (1 John iii. 7.), that "God having raised up his son Jesus, sent him to bless" us, "by turning away every one of" us "from his iniquities" (Acts iii. 26.), that at "the judgment-seat of Christ," we shall "receive according to the deeds done in the body" (2 Cor. v. 10.), that "eternal life" is the merciful reward of "patient continuance in well doing" (Rom. ii. 7.), that it is only by "giving all diligence, and adding to our faith" every *virtue*, that we can "make our calling and election sure," and that thus alone "an entrance shall be ministered unto" us "abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord" (2 Pet. i. 5, 10, 11.), and that, therefore, it is the duty of every man to "prove his own work, and then he shall have rejoicing in himself and not in another; for every man shall bear his own burden."—(Gal. vi. 4, 5.)

We do not believe that "works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of his spirit," as the Thirteenth Article asserts, "are not pleasant to God—but have the nature of sin;" this is the doctrine of an African Saint, Augustine; but we have been taught by higher saints, Peter and Paul, that "God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him," and that the Gospel is a revelation of "glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile."—(Acts x. 34, 35; Rom. ii. 10, 11.)

For these reasons from Scripture, we are obliged also to withhold our assent from the Eighteenth Article of the Established Church, which declares them "accursed that presume to say, that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature:" this anathema seems to us to lie against the Apostle Paul, who asserts that "the Gentiles" not having the law, sometimes "do by the nature the things contained in the law, being a law unto themselves," and "shew the work of the law which is written in their hearts," and that they who have lived "without the law, shall not be judged by the law" (Rom. ii. 14, 15, 12); and even against our Lord and Teacher, who expressly says, that "many shall come from the east and the west, and from the north, and from the south" (plainly intending the Heathen countries), "and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—(Matt. viii. 11.)

We do not believe, as the Twentieth Article asserts, that "the Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith; such authority, without infallibility is ridiculous; such power may uphold every superstition and sanction every ecclesiastical oppression, and both the power and the authority are inconsistent with the "sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures," well maintained in the Article before quoted, at war with the right of private judgment, and an usurpation of the prerogative of Jesus Christ, who only has authority and power in the church, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, and who has forbidden in his disciples, individually and collectively, the assumption and exercise of lordship.

In these points, we do not believe in, or with, the Church of England; but we do not censure, we dare not condemn, its members; to their *own master they*, as well as we, *stand or fall* (Rom. xiv. 4.); and we rejoice in the persuasion that their belief and our disbelief may be equally acceptable to Heaven, if equally conceived in conscientious inquiry, and equally professed in charity.

Having declared in what respects we differ from the members of the Church of England, we would briefly state what is the faith which we actually hold, and this we shall do in the language of Scripture, because no other language would so fully and yet so concisely express our opinions.

We believe, then, that "the Lord our God is one Lord," and that the profession and observance of this great truth is "the first of all the commandments."—(Mark xii. 29.)

We believe, that "the hour is come when the true worshippers" should worship the Father. —(John iv. 23.)

We believe, that as "there is One God, the Father," so "there is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all" men, "to be testified in due time."—(1 Timothy ii. 5, 6.)

We believe in "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him."—(Acts ii. 22.)

We believe, that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men, hath appeared, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world" (Titus ii. 11, 12.); and "therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the Living God, who is the Saviour of all men."—(1 Tim. iv. 10.)

We believe, that "since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; for as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv. 21, 22.); that God "now commandeth all men every where to repent, because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 30, 31.); that "the Father hath given the Son authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of Man" (John v. 27.); that at Christ's coming will be "the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, —then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."—(1 Cor. xv. 24, 28.)

In contemplation of the solemn period to which these passages refer, the Unitarians, conscious of integrity, and persuaded that their creed is scriptural, have reason for as much satisfaction as becomes any of those who have to render so awful an account. Meantime, they rely upon the justice of their fellow-Christians, the goodness of their cause, and the blessing of Almighty God.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

I ASKED a holy man one day,
 "Where is the one true church, I pray?"
 "Go round the world," said he, "and search:
 No man hath found the one true church."
 I pointed to a spire, cross-crowned.
 "The church is false!" he cried and frowned.
 Around the font the people pressed,
 And crossed themselves from brow to breast.
 "A cross!" he cried, writ on the brow
 In water!—is it Christ's?—look thou!
 "Each forehead, frowning, sheds it off:
 Christ's cross abides through scowl and scoff."
 —We walked along a shaded way,
 Beneath the apple-blooms of May,
 And came upon a church whose dome
 Bore still the cross, but not of Rome.
 We brushed a cobweb from a pane,
 And gazed within the sacred fane.
 "Do prayers," he asked, "the more avail,
 If murmured nigh an altar-rail?"
 "Does water sprinkled from a bowl
 Wash any sin from any soul?"
 "Do tongues that taste the bread and wine
 Speak truer after, by that sign?"
 "The very priest, in gown and bands,
 Hath lying lips and guilty hands!"
 "He speaks no error," answered I;
 "He says the living all shall die,
 "The dead all rise; and both are true;
 Both wholesome doctrines, old, not new."
 My friend returned, "He aims a blow
 To strike the sins of long ago,—
 "Yet shields the while, with studied phrase,
 The evil present in these days.
 "Doth God in heaven impute no crime
 To prophets who belie their time?"
 —We turned away among the tombs;
 The bees were in the clover-blooms;
 The crickets leaped to let us pass;
 And God's sweet breath was on the grass.
 We spelled the legends on the stones:
 The graves were full of martyrs' bones,
 Of bodies which the rack once brake
 In witness for the dear Lord's sake.
 I heard him murmur, as we passed,
 "Thus won they all the crown at last;
 "Which now men lose, through looking back
 To find it at the stake and rack:
 "The rack and stake have gathered grime:
 God's touchstone is the passing time."
 —Just then, amid some olive-sprays,
 Two orioles perched, and piped their lays.
 Then pealing from the church a psalm
 Rolled forth upon the outer calm.
 "Both choirs," said I, "are in accord;
 For both give worship to the Lord."

Said he, "The tree-top song, I fear,
 Fleed first and straightest to God's ear.
 "If men bind other men in chains,
 Then chant, doth God accept the strains?"
 "Do loud-lipped hymns His ear allure?
 God hates the church that harms the poor!"
 —Then rose a meeting-house in view,
 Of bleached and weather-beaten hue,
 Where plain of garb and pure of heart,
 Men kept the church and world apart,
 And sat in waiting for the light
 That dawns upon the inner sight.
 I asked, "Is this the true church, then?"
 "Nay," answered he, "a sect of men:
 "And sects that lock their doors in pride
 Shut God and half his saints outside.
 "The gates of heaven, the Scriptures say,
 Stand open wide by night and day:
 "Whoso shall enter hath no need
 To walk by either church or creed:
 "The false church leadeth men astray;
 The true church showeth men the way."
 —Whereat I still more eager grew
 To shun the false and find the true;
 And, naming all the creeds, I sought
 What truth, or lie, or both, they taught:
 Thus: "Augustine—had he a fault?"
 My friend looked up to yon blue vault,
 And cried, "Behold! can one man's eyes
 Bound all the vision of the skies?"
 I said, "The circle is too wide."
 "God's truth is wider," he replied;
 "And Augustine, on bended knee,
 Saw just the little he could see;
 "So Luther sought with eyes and heart,
 Yet caught the glory but in part;
 "So Calvin opened wide his soul,
 Yet could not comprehend the whole:
 "Not Luther, Calvin, Augustine,
 Saw half the vision I have seen!"
 —Then grew within me a desire
 That kindled like a flame of fire.
 I looked upon his reverent brow,
 Entreating, "Tell me, who art thou?"
 When, by the light that filled the place,
 I knew it was the Lord's own face!
 Through all my blood a rapture stole
 That filled my body and my soul.
 I was a sinner and afraid:
 I bowed me in the dust and prayed:
 "O Christ the Lord! end Thou my search,
 And lead me to the one true church!"
 Then spake he not as man may speak:
 "The one true church thou shalt not seek;
 "Behold, it is enough," he said,
 "To find the one true Christ, its Head!"
 Then straight he vanished from my sight,
 And left me standing in the light.

—Atlantic Monthly.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

MUCH MAY BE DONE WITH LITTLE.—"Here, my little son," said an Athenian to a little Hebrew boy in a sportful way,—"here is a penny; buy something for me with it. Let it be an article of such a kind that I may eat some myself, give some to a guest, and have some to take home with me for my family!" The witty boy went and bought salt! "Salt!" exclaimed the Athenian; "I did not tell you to buy me salt!" "Quite right," answered the boy wittily; "but did you not tell me to buy you some article of which you might eat yourself, have enough for a guest, and also some to take home for your family? This is the article that answers the purpose. You can eat your fill, give to another as much as he wishes to eat, and have a good supply to take home for your family."—*Hebrew Stories.*

UNIVERSALISM.—Human experience and the Bible teach that there is universal punishment for sin in this world. We see God's retributive and corrective judgments in the earth. Universal, just punishment for sin, is as much a part of Universalism, as the idea of universal salvation. The Bible clearly teaches that God wills the salvation of all souls through Christ; and also that "He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." Hence we believe that in the fulness of times he will gather together in one all things in Christ. "All will finally repent of their sins. All will become true believers in God and Christ. All will finally ask, and receive; seek, and find; knock, and the door will be opened unto them." The last prodigal son will return to the Father's house where there is bread enough and to spare. Oh, glorious thought! Consummation worthy of God and of his beloved Son! How consoling to the mourner's heart!—*Christian Repository.*

STRANGE INSTRUCTION.—The following specimen of trinitarian counsel to a child is from the "*Quiver*," May 19, 1862, issued by Cassell & Co. No words are sufficient to express the horror and disgust with which we ought to read such advice of a mother to her child. "How am I to be saved, mother?" said a little boy. "By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son." "But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for I was once told that I must be good, or else God would have nothing to do with me." "My child, Jesus has done what was needed, and you are saved by knowing that all is done." "But I am not good," said the boy; "will God have nothing to do with me unless I am good." "My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; he receives the *bad*, not the *good*, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him." "Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "Oh how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good." "Yes, it was. You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus." [These are the words of an orthodox mother: let us now ponder a few of Christ's words, in the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 25th chapters of Matthew, and what a different tale he told his disciples.—*Ed. C.F.*]

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—When a lady once told Archbishop Sharpe that she would not communicate any religious instruction to her children until they had attained the years of discretion, the shrewd prelate replied, "Madam, if you do not teach them, the devil will."

THE DRY STREAM.—"John," said Isaac, to his brother, "do you know that the brook in the sheep pasture has dried up?" "No; I do not know any such thing." "It is dry." "I saw it running not an hour ago." "It was dry this morning. I was going to cross over on the fence, but there was no water in the bed of the stream above or below the fence. I heard father say the brook never failed." "I know it has not failed." "That comes pretty near saying you don't believe what I say." The brothers went on disputing till they got very angry. At first, one was sure that the other was mistaken. When they became angry, one was sure that the other had asserted an untruth. Now, the fact was, that both had spoken the truth. When the stream was low, there was a gravel bank by the fence mentioned by Isaac, through which the water percolated without appearing on the surface. John had seen the water flowing as usual in its channel some twenty rods below the fence. Men often dispute about things in regard to which they really do not differ. They look at the subject from different points of view. Before you decide that a man is wrong because he differs from you, see from what point he views the matter.—*S. S. Times.*

THE PERSON OF CHRIST.—The following remarkable description of the person of the Saviour is ascribed to Publius Leontulus, a contemporary writer:—"There has appeared in this our day, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and with the Gentiles, is accepted as a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverent countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear; his hair is of the colour of a filbert full ripe, and plain down to his ears, but from his ears downwards somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of hair; after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very smooth and plain; his face, nose, and mouth so framed, as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable to the hair of his head for colour; not of any great length, but forked in the middle; of an innocent and mature look; his eyes grey, clear, and quick. In reproof, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous, and fair spoken, pleasant in speech amidst gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; his hands and arms most beauteous to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise; a man of singular virtue, surpassing the children of men."

Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.